WEEKLY MUSEUM.

"WITH SWEETEST FLOWERS ENRICH'D, FROM VARIOUS GARDENS CULL'D WITH CARE."

No. 42—VOL. XVI. NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 20, 1804. No. 828

IDDA OF TOKENBURG;

OR THE FORCE OF JEALOUSY.

(Translated from the German of Augustus Lafontaine)

[CONTINUED.]

TO console him, the Count endeavored to give him assurance that she would be rescued the following evening. He concealed his own fears, which were greatly increased by the reflection that it was now known to so many persons that he was no longer in the dungeon of Kiburg.

They concerted their plan to rescue Idda the coming night. Kirchberg, feeble as he was, and distracted by his fears, hastily collected his troops. "Shall I," said he, "do less to deliver my child than Kiburg has done to avenge the death of his son?"—The necessary preparations were all made; by mid-day the baron was clad in complete armor, and anxiously waited the ensuing evening that now seemed so long to delay its coming.

The fears of the Count were not without foundation. Soon was the report generally spread, "Count Henry of Tokenburg, who is to be the husband of Idda, is at Kirchberg: he has escaped"—But how he had escaped was only known to Idda and her father.

The rumor ran from cottage to cottage till it reached the ears of the old Count Kiburgh, to whom it was communicated by one of his attendants a few hours afterwards. Kiburg became furious, and immediately ordered that inquiry should be made of the guards. They answered with a contemptuous laugh, "He is still in the tower, unless he has digged a way to Kirchberg under ground." One of the guards went to Count Kiburg, and said to him, "My lord, dismiss all apprehensions on this subject, and rely on us. I saw the prisoner this morning, when I carried him his usual allowance of food."

At the same moment a messenger hastily entered the apartment, and exclaimed, "Count Tokenburg is at Kirchberg! I have spoke to the seneschal, who asked me with a sneer, "Why does not your master keep his cage closer shut that so let the bird fly away?" I answered, "The cage is shut close enough, and the bird safe." The seneschal laughed, and they all laughed, and said, "Tokenburg is with our master; we have seen and spoken to him."

"Bring the prisoner before me," cried Kiburg, with fury in every feature, "he shall not live another hour! Bring him instantly!"

Idda had passed the night calm and tranquil. She saw, indeed, and shuddered, the noxious reptiles that crawled on the damp ground of the subterraneous dungeon; but soon she laid herself down, resigned, on the stone which, covered with a little straw, was to serve her for a bed. Her courage did not forsake her, and a ray of cheerful hope, such as ever shines upon virtue amid the darkest gloom, beamed in her heart. She slept for about half an hour, for the first time during the three last calamitous days. In the morning, when the guard came, she drew the visor over her face and counterfeited as if she slept, that she might avoid speaking to him. The guard said, compassionately,—"Thank heaven! he is still in his first sleep," and departed softly, that he might not awaken his prisoner. After some hours Idda again heard the key grate in the lock, and the sound of a number of feet on the stone-steps of the dungeon. "Ah!" thought she, "Should that be Tokenburg!" and she gazed with eager attention towards the door. A party of the guards entered, and one of them said, "Knight, commend thy soul to God; thou must perform thy last journey." A faint trembling, a chilly damp ran through the limbs of Idda; she sank on her knees and prayed for consolation and protection to her father and her lover. The guards stood mute, and disturbed her not, till she rose, and went with them up the steps. When she came into the lightof day, she cast her eyes, with out-stretched arms, once more towards Kirchberg; then patiently followed her leaders to the haughty Kiburg.

Two folding doors opened, and Idda entered, attended by the guards into the spacious hall of the Knight. When she saw in the middle of it, a large heap of sand, and the executioner standing with the instrument of death, she trembled, and was obliged to support herself by leaning on one of the soldiers. At the farther end of the hall, sat clad all in black, the Count Kiburg, his lady, and his two daughters. The countess shrieked aloud, when she saw, as she imagined, the murderer of her son, and the two daughters turned pale, and shuddered with a sentiment of pity. Kiburg came forward, and said, in a furious tone, "Tokenburg, thou cowardly murderer of my son, thou shalt not long have the pleasure to see me in mourning. Wretch! through thee I am deprived of my son, My wife, my daughters, must soon be without a protector; my race, my name, must be effaced from the earth; and thou, murderer, thou hast done this! The blood of my son be upon thee, and upon Kirchberg and his house! Yes, I hope I shall soon be able to send after thee the other murderer and his daughter.—Executioner do thy duty."

The guards now seized Idda, who, at the first words of Kiburg, had sank on the breast of one of them, pale, with closed eyes and fainting.

One of the guards took off her coat of mail, while another loosened her helmet. Instantly appeared to view her snow white maiden bosom, which her long flaxen hair, that fell from under the helmet, again immediately covered. The guards drew back astonished; the executioner who had already drawn his sword, let it fall trembling. A death like silence prevailed through the hall.

Kiburg fixed his eyes wildly on Idda. "What is this?" exclaimed he, at length, "Where is Tokenburg? Who is this woman?" None of the guards answered: they trembled with fear; conscious that to them was to be imputed this transformation. The daughters of the Count came forwards, and compassionately led Idda to a seat, and bathed her temples with wine, till at length she opened her beauteous eyes. "Who art thou damsel?" now again exclaimed the old Count Kiburg. Idda endeavored to speak, but was unable, till she had taken a little wine which the Countess brought her. The count, who saw her in the armor of Tokenburg, believed that he had made prisoner a woman in the battle. He ordered the guards, whose guilt o did not suspect, to withdraw. Idda sunk on her knees before him, and addressed his heart with supplicatory looks, till again he cried out, "Tell me who thou art?"

"I am," said Idda, with a feeble and trembling voice," the unfortunate daughter of Kirchberg, the affianced bride of Count Henry of Tokenburg."—Wildly now exclaimed the Knight with a furious joy, "The daughter of Kirchberg! then have I taken a valuable prize: Now can I rend the heart of the murderer!" He turned from Idda, who had stretched out her hands towards him. Her posture he saw not, but he observed the compassionate looks which the countess and his daughters cast on the unhappy damsel. Fiercely he said, "Look not on her so pitiously; in her veins flows the blood of her cruel father. Blind and furious hatred put arms in her hands: against my life was her sword drawn. She would have rejoiced with her blood thirsty father, had I and my son both fallen together. Wretch! why didst thou go with thy father into the battle?"

"I did not go with him Count Kiburg. Ah! could I have saved your son, you would now be the happiest of fathers, I did not go out against you; I——"

"What! did not my sword strike you down? Did I not deliver you, a prisoner, into the custody of my soldiers?"

"You never took me prisoner Count Kiburg; I have delivered myself up to your vengeance. Tokenburg was it whom your sword struck down, and whom you sent prisoner into the tower."

"Tokenburg! Unhappy woman, how earn'st thou in the murderers place?"

"Kiburg, you loved your dear son; would you not willingly have died for him? I am willing to die for Count Tokenburg, whom I love as dearly as you loved your son. Pity me, Count Kiburg, as I pity you, as I always have pitied you! for I know how dreadful it is to lose those we love. Pity likewise Tokenburg and my father! they are more unhappy than you." The countess of Riburg dissolved in tears, and the daughters were overpowered with feeling of the tenderest compassion.

"How didst thou release my prisoner from the dungeon?"

"By my love. The guards could not refuse to my prayers, to my tears: they could not refuse to humanity the request to let me see him once more. I saw him, Count Kiburg—Ah! I found it much more difficult to persuade him to make his escape, than your soldiers to let me into the dungeon. He put on my dress, threw my veil over him."

"And fled?—A mean, contemptible, cowardly murderer!"

No, Count Kiburg, not mean, not contemptible. Had he not gone, instead of one victim you would have found two—me and him; for I was determined either to die for him or with

him. At length he reluctantly consented to go; not to make his escape—no—but to deliver me from the dungeon, or to meet death."

"Let him, then, deliver you, if he is able!"

"Fate did not so decree, count Kilburg. Your vengeance was to be satisfied. Be it so; I am content. He will have the comfort to know that my heart was faithful to him even to death, and that I willingly resigned life for his sake. Your vengeance, however, he cannot escape, for he will not survive his Idda. But, I entreat you, accept my blood for the blood of my father. Grief will end his life soon enough. For me, I hope, in the abode of the blessed, I shall appease and recognize your son; and then, glorified spirits, we will together receive our now implacable fathers, and put an end to that enmity which on earth rendered you childless and wretched. Death is terrible, count Kilburg; but I do not refuse to die."

The aged count turned away, towards a window, to conceal the emotion which he involuntarily felt; but his eye glanced on the grave of his son, which might be seen from that window, and the half extinguished fury of his heart flamed again with redoubled violence. "No!" exclaimed he, dreadfully, "no!" He raised Idda from the ground, and drew her to the window. "See!" said he, "see there is the grave of my son! and in thy veins flows the blood of his murderer. No, I cannot pardon,—thou must die."

Idda stretched out her hands towards the grave, and said, with pathetic solemnity, "Noble youth! exalted spirit! son of him who dooms me to death,—may my blood appease thee, and recognize thee to my father! Meet and receive me on the threshold of heaven! then will it increase the happiness of us both, that we were victims to appease the enmity of our fathers, and we will together pray for their peace and happiness. Count Kilburg, I am ready; but I entreat you let me hear you say that you do not hate me and bless me. Give me, likewise, a blessing to carry to the spirit of your son; call me for this once your daughter!" She threw herself on her knees before him, and pressed his hand to her lips.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A LIFE FOR A LIFE.

WHEN Constantia Phillips was in a state of distress, she took a small shop in Westminster-Hall, and sold books; some of them of her own writing.—During this time, an apothecary, who had attended her at a time she was ill, came to her and requested payment of his bill. She urged inability—but he still continued to press her, and gave as a reason that *he had saved her life.* "You have so," says Constantia; "you have so; I acknowledge it, and, in return *here is my life*;"—when going to the book-case and reaching the two volumes, she begged he would *take her life*, as the discharge of his demand.

ANECDOTE.

DURING the siege of Ypress, a howitzer fell on the knapsack of a soldier of the second battalion of la Corege, which cut the straps of the knapsack, and broke a pot of butter the soldier had placed above his necessaries. This volunteer, who was a native of Limousin, was not at all affected by the danger; but, looking eagerly at the fragments, he cried, in his provincial dialect, "*Ah! grand Dé, mon toupi de burre de que farai yau mo soupo?*" "Ah! my God! my poor pot of butter! what shall I do to make my soup now?"

For the NEW YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

ON THE VANITY OF YOUTHFUL HOPES.

IN life's gay morn, what vivid hues
Adorn the unbounding views,
By flattering fancy drawn?
No storms with gloomy aspect rise,
To cloud the azure of the skies,
No mists obscure the dawn.

With looks inarch'd gay,
Young expectation points the way
To ever blissful shades,
Where odors scent the breath of morn,
Where roses bloom without a thorn,
And music fills the glades.

Enrapture'd with the distant view,
Youth thinks its fictious beauties true,
And springs the prize to gain;
His grasp the gay illusion flies:
Experience thus the cheat descries,
And proves his hopes were vain.

The path of life thro' flowers adorn,
Yet often with the rugged thorn,
Amidst the flowers arise;
Expect not then on earth to share,
Enjoyment unalloy'd by care,
But seek it in the skies.

ZENGER.

THE FORTUNE HUNTER.

A SONG.

A young buck marri'd an
Old haggard harridan,
And all for the sake of her money, Sir;
Quite toothless and shrivell'd,
Like an old witch bedevil'd,
So he lov'd her no better than honey, Sir.

Now, being in cash, &c.
He cuts a great dash, Sir,
And keeps half-a-dozen fine Misses;
Loves away at his leisure,
Quite chin deep in pleasure,
And nothing can equal his blisses.

With horses and hounds,
He drives beyond bounds,
Is noted for vast hospitality;
And goes to each rout,
The country about,
And lives with the top of the quality.

There was ne'er a Squire,
Drank more or liv'd high'r,
'Till at thirty, without any doubt he
Became quite as old,
As if four-score he'd told,
Besides being terrible gouty.

Thus, through life he dances,
'Till all his finances,
Won't by e'en a dram for his whistle?
He then makes a horrid
Great hole in his forehead,
With the help of an old borrow'd pistol!

TO THE MEMORY OF THE LATE MR. JOHN PALMER.

OF DRURY LANE THEATRE.

Alike o'er tears and smiles his strong control,
Each soft, each gay, each nervous form of soul;
Nor less to nature (his unerring guide)
Obedient, when he play'd, than when he dy'd.

THE SLAVE.—*A Fragment.*

"Heaven bless thee, and shower down all its blessings on thee and thine!" said the slave.

I had presented him with his liberty. His joy was too great for utterance—and, nature being overpowered, he sunk senseless on the ground.

He recovered. Gratitude glistened in his eye, while Fortitude endeavored to restrain the tender passion. He bowed his head and thanked me.

He had a wife in Africa: Often did he speak of her—and as often would the uplifted eye seem to call heaven to witness the purity of his love.

I gave him money. "Take it," said I, "it will carry thee to thy native home."

Fixed in astonishment, he gazed upon me. He endeavored to speak, but could not."

It was enough. I was amply paid, and felt a more exquisite sensation than if the Indies had been added to my estate.

O ye sons of affluence! ye children of property listen and be wise! Bring the portrait full to view, and improve from the sight. View the debtor in his cell! Melancholy is fixed on his placed countenance! His leaden eyes he casts on the floor—then heavily lifts them upto the wall. "Ah! here is woe!" Despair will ere long take hold on him—again in her train attend a ghastly grope of evil genii.

Ye proudly rich! let your hearts for once be softened: let compassion strew your brow, and have mercy on your debtors! The God of benevolence will reward you; and thrones, dominions, principalities, and powers, will sound your praise.

The cry of fire echoed through the house—my daughter was in imminent danger. The slave whom I had freed, impelled by gratitude, rushed through the flames—rescued her from danger—brought her safe to my arms—and disappeared.

A GERMAN PROVERB.

I dined the other day with a friend, at a house, the master and mistress of which are amiable, affable, and pleasing companions, and of some political consequence. My friend was particularly distinguished by them during our visit. He was the subject of their praises, and they made the most positive promises of their interest in his favor.

My friend is not without ambition. On our leaving the house, I congratulated him upon the friendship which I heard expressed for him, and anticipated the most happy consequences to his future interests.

"You think then," said he, "that this family entertain a friendship for me. How little are you as yet acquainted with the world! Did you not observe that, when I asked in the hall for my great coat, the servant turned a deaf ear; let me look for it without saying a word; and that it was not until a quarter of an hour I was able to find it, all covered with dust behind a chest, where he could not but know where it was, for I gave it to him on my entrance?"

"And what do you infer from that?"

"What do I infer from that! Al ways remember this German Proverb:——Would you know whether you are beloved in a family?—never mind the behavior of the master or mistress; but observe how the children and servants treat you, and you will know the truth."

A USEFUL HINT.

NEVER think a thought, speak a word, or do a deed, but what you may be safe in setting about with the following preface:——"O God, my maker and judge! I do not forget that thou art witness to what I am about."

ANECDOTE.

THE following anecdote will not only prove the fallacy of the remark, that a woman cannot keep a secret, but will serve as an additional instance of that generous and humane spirit which so nobly characterises our fair country women.

Some years since, a lady called at a glover's shop in the outskirts of the town, and purchased a pair of gloves for her immediate wear; observing at the time she was on her road to Barnet; that she had left her gloves at a friend's house where she had called, and that she was apprehensive of being benighted if she went back for them. The glover fitted on the lady's gloves, and the lady, after paying for them from a purse well stocked with Bank-notes, stepped into her post-chaise, and proceeded on her journey. She had scarcely reached Finchley-Common, when a highwayman stopped the chaise and demanded her money: He intreated her not to be alarmed, he had no intention upon her person: if she surrendered her property it was all he wanted; distress, and not his will, urged him to the desperate act, and he was determined to remove his penury or perish. The lady gave her purse, and the desperado rode off. After he was gone and the fright had subsided, the lady imagined that, in the address of the highwayman, she recognised the voice of the glover: she had some time before dealt with. This conceit struck her so forcibly, that she ordered the post-boy to drive back to town: not choosing, as she said, to venture further over the heath. On her arrival at the glover's, she knocked and gained admittance; the glover himself opened the door. The lady desired to speak with him in private. The glover showed her to a back parlor, when she exclaimed—

"I am come for my purse, which you have robbed me of this evening on Finchly-Common!"

The glover was confounded. The lady proceeded.

"It is of no use for you to deny it: I am convinced, and your life is at my mercy. Return me my property, and trust to my humanity!"

The glover, overcome with guilt, shame and confusion, returned the purse, confessed his crime, and pleaded his distresses. The lady, after a suitable admonishment, gave him a ten-pound note, bade him mend his way of life, and keep his own counsel; adding, that she would never divulge his name or place of abode. She kept her word; and though the robbery was noted in the public papers, the subsequent discovery was omitted, and it was not till very recently, that a minute of this singular transaction was found among the papers of the lady alluded to; even in this private memorandum the name and residence of the glover was committed, and the secret, in that particular, rests with the lady in the grave.

After this tale, the truth of which may be relied on, who will say, that a woman cannot keep a secret? [Lond. pap.

NEW-YORK, OCTOBER 20, 1804.

Forty-six Deaths have occurred in this city during the last week, ending the 13th instant.

By an Antigua paper of the 11th of Sept. containing an account of damage sustained there in the late hurricane it appears that upwards of fifty vessels were driven ashore in the harbor of St. John's. The Duke of Cumberland Packet foundered at her anchors—and much destruction ashore among the wharves, cranes, stores, &c. The estates in the country, especially those in the mountains, have suffered much.

On the morning of the 10th, a severe shock of an Earthquake was felt through the island.

FROM BOSTON.

Great damage is done to the shipping in Boston. Many of the small craft were bilged and sunk, or stove to pieces. Some of the larger vessels bilged, and others had their bowsprits, stern, and other parts broken to pieces. The cargoes of many were injured. Two men were drowned from a boat that upset at May's wharf, which wharf is much damaged; and a lad who was endeavoring to keep a sloop free of water, near Fore Point Channel, finding the vessel sinking, clung to a plank, from which he was soon after washed off and drowned. In the town, vast numbers of trees are torn up by the roots or broken off; some of the new buildings are so shaken and twisted, that they must be taken down, if they do not fall of themselves. The battlement of a new building at West-Boston fell upon an adjoining house, occupied by Mr. Ebenezar Eaton, and demolished it, burying in its ruins every person in it, consisting of a servant woman named Bennett, who was killed, and another woman, with a man and boy who were badly wounded: Mr. Eaton being apprised by a neighbor of the danger which hung over him, had just before left it with his wife and children. The roof of the tower of the Chapel was wrenched off, and carried 200 feet before it fell. The elegant steeple of the North Church fell on a house which it crushed to pieces; but, most fortunately, the family was absent on a visit.—One of the stages, passing West-Boston bridge, was overset, by which some of the passengers was considerably hurt.

FROM CHARLESTOWN.

The Baptist Meeting-house is partly unroofed, and the spire of Dr. More's much bent. The new brick building in the navy-yard is so much injured that it must be taken down. A large dwelling-house belonging to Mr. John Harris, and another to Mr. Baltan, are blown down. The brick-yards are injured, and many bricks destroyed. The shipping are safe.

From the country, generally, we learn that the fruit and forest trees, fences, &c. have suffered greatly, and that the roads in many places were obstructed by them on Wednesday morning. A Topsfield gentleman informs us, that many cows and calves perished in the severity of the storm in that town.

COOPERS-TOWN, October 2.

A boy, named Timothy Johnson, 12 years of age, of Cooperstown, was found hanging in the barn, dead, by the gentlemen with whom he lived, and no cause can be assigned for his self murder. The father of the boy is said to have been killed about four years ago by the fall of a tree; his mother, to have died soon after; and his sister to have been killed by falling into a well. The unnatural act of the boy completes a tragic view of the family.

THEATRE.

☞ The Public are respectfully informed, that the THEATRE having undergone a complete change in its internal appearance, will be opened on Monday next, with

The Clandestine Marriage.

To which which will be added the Farce of

Ways and Means,

OR, A TRIP TO DOVER.

COURT OF HYMEN.

BLEST with the partner of your choice,
'Tis your's to gild his days with joy.
To make the friend you love rejoice,
And ev'ry anxious care destroy.

MARRIED.

On the 7th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Pilmore, Mr. *Richard Crooker*, printer, to Miss *Margaret Hallowell*, both of this city.

On Saturday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. O'Brien, Mr. *Thomas Redmond*, of this city, to Miss *Julia Howel*, of Newburg.

At Middlebury, Mr. *John Fitch*, one of the editors of the Mercury, to Miss *Charlotte Morely*.

At Boston, Mr. *David Francis*, priter, to Miss *Mary Moore*.

At Hartford, (Conn.) on the 2d inst. Mr. *George T. Phillips*, of thiscity, merchant, to Miss *Lucily Stillman*, of Hartford.

At Lebanon, Mr. *Daniel Jepson*, merchant, of this city, to Miss *Mary Colfax*, both formerly of New-London.

MORTALITY.

STILL live the Mem'ry of departed worth!—
The year is holy that bedews its sod!
Altho' the fading form be hid with earth,
The living Mind ascended to its God.

DIED.

On Monday last, Mr. ANTHONY CARROLL, of this city, merchant.

On Wednesday last, Mr. JACOB BUFFLEREE, one of the Branch Pilots of this port.

At Annapolis, General JOHN HUSKINS STONE, late Governor of the State of Maryland.

At Charleston, on the 25th Sept. the Rev. JAMES MALCOMSON, in the 56th year of his age.

In England, Vice-Admiral C. PARKER.

In Ireland, O'BRIEN, the famous "Irish Giant," he gave permission for his skeleton to be prepared for the College Museum, Dublin.

Just received and for sale at this Office,

THE AMERICAN CITIZEN'S SURE GUIDE,

BEING A COLLECTION OF

MOST IMPORTANT STATE PAPERS:

SUCH AS

The Declaration of Independence: Articles of Confederation and Perpetual Union: The Constitution of the United States: All the Treaties now in force which the United States have ever made: Merchants and Seamans Acts: Duties on Goods, Wares and Merchandize: The Census as taken in 1800, &c. &c. &c.

25,000 Dollars the highest prize.

For sale at this Office, No. 3 Peck-Slip,

TICKETS IN LOTTERY, No. 3, FOR THE ENCOURAGEMENT OF LITURATURE.

FURS.

D. SMITH, FROM LONDON,

Respectfully informs the Ladies and public, she intends confining herself to repairing and altering MUFFS and TIPPETS to the latest fashion. Mrs. S. having been employed a number of years in London in the Fur business, flatters herself she will be able to please those who may favor her with their orders. No. 94 Maiden Lane. October 18, 1804. 8tg. tf.

COURT OF APOLLO.

THE SHIELD.

OH! did you not hear a voice of death?
And did you not mark the paly form,
Which rode on the silver mist of the heath,
And sung a ghostly dirge in the storm?

Was it a wailing bird of the gloom,
Which shrieks on the house of woe, all night,
Or a shivering fiend, that fled to a tomb,
To howl and to feed till the glance of light.

'Tis not the death-bird's cry from the wood,
Nor shivering fiend that hung on the blast;
'Twas the shade of Helderic, man of blood—
It screams for the guilt of days that are past.

See! how the red, light'ning strays,
And fears the gliding ghosts of the heath;
Now on the leafless yew it plays,
Where hangs the shield of this son of death.

That shield is blushing with murderous stains,
Long has it hung from the cold-yew's spray,
It is blown by storms and washed by rains,
But neither can take blood away!

Oft, by that yew, on the blasted field,
Demon's dance to the red moon's light;
While the damp boughs creak, and the swinging shield
Sings to the raving spirit of night.

ANECDOTE.

IN the reign of Charles II. an Italian envoy informed his Majesty, that a young Prince in Italy, having married beneath himself, had retired into England, and that his friends requested he might be searched for, and sent back as soon as possible.

The prince hearing of it made himself known to the king, acquainting him that he lived twenty miles from town, in a country retreat, with his beloved Jacintha; and, if his Majesty would afford him his protection, he should be happier there than in the possession of a crown.

The king put a stop to any further searches of the Envoy, and the enamored Prince lived unknown with his Jacintha till their deaths, which happened within six months of one another.

LITERATURE.

The subscriber highly sensible of the importance of the trust committed to him as a Teacher of English Literature, thankfully remembers the liberal encouragement of his employers to him in the line of his business, and assures them that he will to the utmost of his ability continue to instill in the minds of his Pupils, with energy every part of instruction, which may have a tendency to promote their present and future usefulness; the subscriber respectfully informs his employers and the public in general, that he purposes opening an Evening School on the first evening of October next. And conscious of having reciprocally discharged his duty to those committed to his care in communicating useful knowledge, touching strict decorum, virtue, and morality, he flatters himself of further liberal encouragement in the line of his business. He continues as usual to give lessons to Ladies and Gentlemen at their own dwellings, particularly in the new System of Penmanship, wherein he will accomplish them in three months. Or can materially improve the hand in writing by a few lessons.

N. B. The subscriber writes Deeds, Mortgages Indentures, Wills, Leases, Powers, Bonds &c. &c. on the most reasonable terms. No. 17 Bankers-Street.

W. D. BEZELL.

September 15th 801, tf.

ADVICE TO YOUNG UNMARRIED LADIES.

IF you discover a person to be telling an absolute falsehood, unless it is particularly injurious, let it pass in silence; for it is not worth your while to make any one your enemy, by proving him or her.

Never touch the sore place in any one's character, for be assured, whoever you are, that you have a sore place in your own; and a young woman is a flower that may be blasted in a moment.

It is always in your power to make a friend by smiles,—what a folly then to make enemies by frowns.

When you have an opportunity to praise do it with all your heart.

When you are forced to blame appear at least to do it with reluctance.

Make it a rule to please all, and never appear insensible to any desire of pleasing or obeying you, however awkwardly it may be executed.

If you are disposed to be pettish or insolent, it is better to exercise your ill humors on your dog your cat, or your femme de chambre, than your friends.

If you would preserve beauty, rise early.

If you would preserve esteem, be gentle.

If you would obtain power, be condescending.

If you would live happy endeavor to promote the happiness of others.

Eruptions and Humors on the Face and Skin particularly

Freckles, Pimples, Blotches, Ringworms, Tan, Sun-burns Shingles, Scorbutic and Cutaneous Eruptions of every description, Prickley Heat, Redness of the Nose Neck Arms, &c.

Are effectually and speedily cured by

Dr. Church's Genuine Vegetable LOTION.

THIS LOTION is excelled by no other in the world. It has been administered by the proprietor for several years in Europe and America with the greatest success. By the simple application of this fluid, night and morning, it will remove the most rancorous and alarming fursey in the face. It is perfectly safe, yet powerful, and possesses all the good qualities of the most celebrated cosmetics, without any of their doubtful effects. It is therefore recommended as a certain and efficacious remedy, and a valuable and almost indispensable appendage to the toilet, infinitely superior to the common trash—Cream drawn from Violets and Milk from Roses! Suffice it however to say, it has been administered to many thousands in the United States and W. Indies with the greatest and most unparalleled success, and without even a single complaint of its inefficacy. A small bottle at 75 cents will be found sufficient to prove its value.

Price 75 cents.

☞ Prepared and sold at Church's Dispensary, No. 180 Bowery, New-York, Dec. 31

LIQUID BLACKING

TICE's improved shining liquid blacking for boots and shoes and all leather that requires to be kept black, is universally allowed the best ever offered to the public, it never corrodes nor cracks the leather but renders it soft, smooth and beautiful to the last, and never soils. Morocco that has lost its lustre is restored equal to new by the use of this blacking. Sold wholesale, retail, and for exportation, by J. Tice, at his perfumery store, No. 136 William-street, and by G. Camp No. 143 Pearl-street, where all orders will be thankfully received, and immediately executed.

To prevent counterfeits, the directions on every bottle will be signed J. TICE, in writing, without which they are not genuine!

J. Tice has likewise for sale, a general assortment of Perfumery of the first quality. Dec. 17. tf

FILES OF THE WEEKLY-MUSEUM, neatly bound:—For sale at this office.

Also, a late assortment of

BLANKS *and* BLANK BOOKS.

N. SMITH,

Chimical Perfumer, from London, at the New-York, Hair Powder and Perfume Manufactory, (the Golden Key,) No. 214 Broadway, opposite the City Hotel.

SMITH's improved chimical Milk of Roses is well known for clearing the Skin from tan, pimples, redness or sun-burns; has not its equal for preserving the face to extreme old age, and is very fine for gentlemen after shaving,—with printed directions,—6s. 9s. and 12s. per bottle, or 3 dolls. per quart.

Smith's Pomade de Grese, for thickening the hair, and keeping it from coming out or turning grey; 4s. and 8s. per pot with printed directions.

His superfine white Hair Powder, 1s. per lb.—do. Violet, double scented, 1s. 6d.

His beautiful Rose Powder, 2s 6d.

Highly impowned sweet scented hard and soft Pomatum 1s. per pot, or roll, double 2s.

His white Almond Wash-Ball, 1, 2, & 3s. each. Very good common, 1s. Camphor 2s. and 3s. 6d. Vegetable

Smith's balsamic Lip Salve of Roses, for giving a most beautiful coral red to the lips; cures roughness and chaps and leaves them quite smooth, 2s and 4s. per box

His fine colimeris Gold Cream, for taking off all kinds of roughness, and leaving the skin smooth and comfortable.

Smith's favoyette Royal Paste, for washing the skin making it smooth, delicate and fair, to be had only as above, with directions, 4s. and 8s. per pot.

Smith's chimical Dentifrice Tooth Powder, for the Teeth and Gums, warranted, 2 and 4s per box.

Smith's Vegetable Rouge, for giving a natural color to the complexion; likewise his Vegetable or Pearl Colimeis immediately whitening the skin.

All kinds of sweet scented Waters and Essences, with every article necessary for the toilet, warranted.

Smith's Chimical Blacking Cakes, for making Shining Liquid Blacking.—Almond Powder for the Skin, 3s. lb.

Smith's Circassia Oil, for gloding and keeping the hair in curl. His purified Alpine Shaving Cake, made on Chimical principles to help the operation of Shaving.

Smith's celebrated Corn Plaister, 3s per box,

The best warranted Concave Razors, Elastic Razor Strop, Shaving boxes, Dressing cases, Pen-knives, Scissors Tortoise-shell, Ivory, and Horn-combs, superfine white Scotch Smelling-bottles, &c. &c. Ladies & Gentlemen will not only have a saving, but have their goods fresh & free from adulteration, which is not the case with imported perfumery. *** Great allowance to those who buy to sell again

June 5 1804. 805 tf.

IN LONDON

and in other large cities in Europe, stores are kept for supplying the public with FLOWERS and PLANTS suited to the different seasons.

The subscriber attempting to establish something of the same nature in this city, has ordered a beautiful collection of Fall and Winter PARLOR FLOWER PLANTS which he offers for sale on as reasonable terms as they are usually to be purchased for at the Green Houses and Nurseries; and in consequence of arrangements made with some of the first Nurseries made on Long and York Islands, any person can be supplied with almost every plant (whether of foreign or domestic origin) by sending their orders and directions at No. 88 Nassau Street.

GRANT THORBURN.

Who has also on hand an elegant assortment of flower and Parsley, Pickle, and Sweetmeat Pots, Milk Pans, Baking Dishes, &c. &c. &c.

N. B. Orders will be received for Fruit and Forest Trees, and punctually executed.

* Error, in this advertisement by omitting this line last week.

Sept. 22, 1804. 819. 3t.

NEW-YORK:

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED FOR THE PROPRIETOR

No. 3 PECK-SLIP.

One Dollar and Fifty Cents per annum.